The Inverse of Light

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The Inverse of Light

by Metaphysicalash

Summary

MIND THE TAGS

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Wounded and on the run, older Omega Hannibal falls at the doorstep of a younger Prime Alpha's house—Will Graham. Will knows he should turn the Chesapeake Ripper in. For an Omega, Hannibal is twice as dangerous as any Alpha, and Will knows that well. But all it takes is Hannibal's Heat to ignite something in the Alpha, to lure him down a path he can't turn back from. And now, Will's conflicted, torn between the law and the gravitational pull of a man who is supposed to be his enemy.

It doesn't help that Hannibal is more enamored by Will than Will is with him. In the end, it all boils down to how far Agent Graham is willing to fall.

Notes

- Hello, I think this is my second omega Hannibal fic. So for all Omega Hannibal lovers, here it is! <3
- Moodboard designed by me
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Between Logic and Instinct

Will whispers, “How far can we take this before it all burns down?”
“We have already burned what we were, what we could’ve been,” Hannibal replies. “And I’d rather be destroyed by you than live untouched by the fire.”
THE INVERSE OF LIGHT
Metaphysicalash

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I

The guards transporting Hannibal to a high-security prison had some form of pride to have apprehended him. They allowed themselves to condescend him, maybe even gloat. The rifles they held in their hands were their excuse to utter whatever they wanted without consequences. Hannibal sat in the seat, blond hair falling just an inch above his shoulders, strands falling down his face and brushing the small scar on his cheekbone. The strands swayed when his breath escaped his mouth.

He was like a sphinx, his face betraying no emotion. Like as if he didn't care what happened to him, or the insults being thrown at him. And all the while, his right hand kept rubbing and massaging the thumb of his left hand. Slowly, applying a little pressure, then moving down to the base of the thumb. His eyes flitted to the two guards who were silent now, but unbothered to hide the disgust on their faces.

The armored vehicle Hannibal was being transported in, began to rattle. At first, mildly, then increasing in intensity as the vehicle went along a bumpy road. This was an advantage to Hannibal. Along with an unparalleled expertise in medicine and anatomy, he was also impervious to pain. Which meant he barely flinched when he dislocated his thumb with a sudden, forceful, yet discreet movement. The cuff from his left hand could be removed, leaving one arm free.

Hannibal took a deep breath, eyes chillingly calm. The handcuff now dangled off his right hand. He stayed unmoving, until the truck ran over a rock, and rattled again. When the vehicle jerked, Hannibal suddenly grabbed the rifle of the guard next to him, rammed his elbow into the man's nose, before using the guard's rifle to shoot his buddy sitting across. The unfortunate buddy barely had time to react to Hannibal's sudden actions before receiving a bullet right in the forehead.

The guard who Hannibal elbowed tried to fight back. The two guards sitting in front were now most likely alerted by the gunshot. The vehicle halted abruptly, throwing both Hannibal and the guard at the back off balance. Off their seats. The two men wrestled for the rifle, but Hannibal's brute strength proved overpowering. He leaned down and sank his teeth into the guard's ear, ripping it off his head, eliciting an ear-piercing yell from him. As blood spilled freely from the guard's head, Hannibal spit the ear out then used all his might to push the muzzle of the rifle to the guard's jaw, before pulling the trigger.

The gunshot reverberated in the vehicle, and blood splattered from the guard's head, all over the floor of the vehicle.

A quiet snarl escaped Hannibal's blood-stained mouth as he got back up to his feet, poised to attack. The second the door opened and the two guards from the front appeared, he lunged at them, tackling one of them to the ground. Hannibal pulled the guard he had just tackled and used him as a human shield just as the other officer opened fire. With a growl, he grabbed the other officer's rifle, throwing his head forward in a violent headbutt that momentarily stunned the uniform-clad man. But the last remaining guard proved to put up more of a fight than his buddies. He fought Hannibal, kicking and trying to get his rifle back. But as the feral

cannibal shoved him backwards against the vehicle, the guard reached for his tactical knife, slitting Hannibal's arm.

Hannibal growled again, stepping back. The guard went all out on him with the knife, both men engaged in a brutal dance to the death. Perhaps Hannibal might have underestimated the guard, because he didn't expect to be stabbed with the knife. But when the blade pierced the side of his stomach, he winced, knowing he needed to end this battle right now. It didn't help when the guard began punching his face too.

Hannibal headbutted him again, before grabbing the guard's head and slamming it against the vehicle. When the knife slipped from his grip, Hannibal caught it midair and plunged it into the guard's neck. The officer's eyes bulged and blood spewed from his mouth as he choked. He collapsed to the ground, dead.

The cannibal stood over the corpse, chest heaving. He clamped a hand over his wound as he dragged the corpses out of the vehicle before shutting the back doors. He climbed in and drove off to God knows where. He just needed to get somewhere, anywhere, far away. The stab wound had already affected him, but what was worse than a stab wound for an Omega like him?

Heat.

Sweat beaded quickly across his forehead as his body burned with a feverish heat. It felt like a blast furnace. He felt lightheaded but tried to force himself to focus.

No, no, no. He gritted his teeth. *Not now.*

He wished he had suppressants. Or a bandage or something. Driving with a wounded, bleeding stomach, bloody hands and mouth, and Omegan heat, was… not a very ideal situation. He was mostly pushing forward with sheer willpower, and the man had oceans of it. He needed to find a building. Something, anything. His strength was draining ounce by ounce as the minutes passed. He turned left down a road, not knowing where he was going but hoping it would lead somewhere.

And it did. To what looked like a farmhouse.

Hannibal pulled over, grunting as he pushed the driver's door open, and stumbling over the edge. He fell to the ground, a pained groan escaping his lips as his blood dripped onto the snow. The biting cold did not have any mercy upon the weakened older Omega's state. His white jumpsuit was tainted red, as he dragged himself across the snow, stumbling yet again as he reached the steps of the farmhouse. His heart pounded in his chest, sweat dripping from his face, and the Heat aggravating his already fragile condition. He could barely drag his body over the stairs.

For a prideful cannibal like him, death had always been an afterthought. It often came up in philosophical conversations or when he spoke of paintings and fine art to guests at a party. Death was a subject of contemplation but never quite affected Hannibal. He never feared it, but much rather challenged it. Played with it.

Now when death stood looming over him like a shadowy creature, he wished it would leave him alone. It wasn't fear, but much rather, a touch of desperation. He didn't want to die this way.

He didn't want to die so soon.

As the Omega lay on the steps of the farmhouse, facing the sky, his eyelids drooped. His matted hair stuck to his face, damp with sweat. His vision blurred, and his breaths grew labored. He felt the snow kiss his face.

It was… peaceful.

He didn't feel the cold, or the pain. And perhaps that was the one merciful thing to happen to him in his last moments. If he had any semblance of sorrow over his own death, it faded too. Part of him still wished to be saved. In all his life, Hannibal had prided over being the most influential and powerful Omega, putting all other Omegas to shame. Alphas from far and beyond would try to win him over, but he didn't need any of them. Rather, none of them proved worthy to be his Mate. Even when he was surrounded by wealthy, attractive suitors, none of them were worth it.

He was always surrounded by people swooning over him. Such a stark contrast those bright parties were, in the luxury of grand banquet halls, to the bitter cold wilderness that was about to be Hannibal's grave. And none of those flashy rich acquaintances were here with him.

Funny how that worked. He had a lot of connections, but no friends. He imagined Death standing over him with a smirk on its face, while the darkness descended. Quiet pitch black nothingness. Devoid of pain and agony. A space where Hannibal floated, deep within the recesses of his Memory Palace. They say your life flashes before your eyes when you die, and Hannibal did see his life go by. Although he lacked any regret or remorse over it. There was no time for regrets. He accomplished all that he could and wanted.

He was just… disappointed, so to speak. He had some plans for the rest of his life.

If you floated in an empty dark void which was supposed to be free of pain, should you be feeling a slap?

Hannibal did. A sudden smack on his face that jerked him out of the blackness of death. He heard someone calling out to him, the voice merely an echo at first, but then getting more pronounced.

"Hey!"

His eyes fluttered, his blurry vision struggling to focus on the figure leaning over him. Hannibal felt another smack to his face, then a rush of pain that felt like something was being pressed down on his stomach wound. He let out a weak, strained groan.

"Stay with me," the figure above him spoke.

Hannibal blinked through the haze of pain, his vision narrowing to the man's face above him. His eyes settled on the face—disarming, hardened by a hint of concern. Vivid blue eyes stared at him, clear and sharp like untouched ice. The man's soft brown curls framed his face, catching the light in a way that seemed almost too gentle for someone standing between life and death. Stubble dusted his jawline, leading down to lips that were neither thin nor full, but perfectly shaped, just enough to hold a subtle tension.

Despite his state, Hannibal could still feel a modicum of awe for the creature tending to his wounds. He wished he was coherent enough to admire him more. Unfortunately, his body went against him, and his eyelids drooped again. He was shaken and patted in the face again, but those things did nothing to keep him in focus this time.

And he blacked out.

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II

Hannibal's body felt like it weighed a ton, lying on the comfort of a warm bed. A blanket was draped on him. The warmth, though comforting, did little to ease the ache in his body. He let out a faint groan, shifting a little. His eyes fell upon the LED clock on the nightstand, showing 9 AM in bright blue.

"You were out for 15 hours," came a voice that abruptly pierced the veil of cold silence.

Hannibal turned to look at the same man who had, as it turned out to be, saved his life. But Hannibal's senses were no longer muddled. He could see clearly now to properly admire his savior in a white t-shirt and plaid pajamas, and it took barely a split-second for the cannibal to become completely enamored. The man entered, lean and sinewy, yet surprisingly strong. Muscles coiled under the shirt he wore, not bulky, but powerful in their restraint, as if they were controlled and measured. He held a plate in one hand and a glass of water in the other. Hannibal caught the faint outline of his nipples, and it stirred something in him.

"You seem familiar," he spoke, voice hoarse. "I suppose words of gratitude are in order."

"I suppose they are." The younger man's voice was husky, as he placed the plate and water on the nightstand. "The familiarity would come from the FBI. Nice try pretending like you don't know me."

Hannibal let out a brief chuckle. "It was worth a shot."

Will stood, towering over him. From the angle Hannibal lay on the bed and looked up at him, there was an aura of dominance and power that exuded so strongly from Will that Hannibal

felt tingles along his arm. Yet, the Omega's face didn't show a lot. He sensed Will was an Alpha though.

"I never would've believed it if it didn't happen," Will said. "The Ripper, an Omega, fallen at my doorstep."

"So perhaps the most obvious question would be: Why did you spare my life?" Hannibal asked, a faint smile. "Not that I'm not thankful for it. But the more rational thought process would be to let me die in the snow. Bury me in your backyard."

"That would be logical, yes. But the lines between logic and instinct are often blurred to me."

"Was this instinctive then?"

"In some inexplicable way."

"I should thank your instincts then."

Will gave a smirk. "I admit I also enjoy having control over the Ripper. It's not always you have a cannibalistic serial killer in your bed."

Hannibal returned the smirk. "Does it titillate you?"

Will didn't respond. Hannibal glanced at the nightstand and saw a bottle of suppressants next to the breakfast. He suspected Will must have given some to him while he was unconscious. Hannibal felt the symptoms of his Heat coming back. He shifted again in his bed, jaw tightening a bit when his breath shallowed and sweat beaded across his forehead. He eyed Will, then the suppressants, wondering—and partly hoping—if Will would allow him to take them.

The scent of his Heat drifted into the air and seeped into Will's nose. A slow breath escaped Will's mouth, his hands slowly balling into fists as he tried to conceal his arousal. He tilted his face, his eyes flashing in a distinct golden glow. Not the usual red glow that other Alphas would have. The sight of the golden eyes made it very clear to Hannibal who he was dealing with—the *Prime Alpha.* Something was undoubtedly thrilling about that. Will reached for the amber bottle of suppressants, deliberating over them, before popping open the lid of the bottle and handing Hannibal a couple of pills.

"The only reason I'm allowing you a single respite from your Heat is because you're wounded," Will said. "So, take it. You might not get another."

Hannibal should be intimidated by him, as anyone in the presence of the Prime Alpha would be, but he wasn't. He was *the* Chesapeake Ripper. He feared no one. He did feel prickles upon his skin, but that was more so out of arousal than anything else. As he tried to sit up, Will came over to help him, though his grip was surprisingly sturdy. His arms held Hannibal's body firmly as he propped him up against the pillows. And in the process, their faces got so close, they could feel each other's breaths. Hannibal caught the shift in Will's eyes again, the way his irises illuminated in gold. The way his pupils dilated and the subtle flare in his nostrils.

“Your Heat…” Will growled. His voice was low, restrained, yet there was something electric behind it, a tension thick enough to suffocate the air between them. “It’s strong.”

“Is that troubling for you, Agent Graham?” Hannibal asked.

“Not troubling. Just distracting.”

There was something dangerous in the way Will spoke, something that ignited a flicker of excitement in Hannibal’s chest. He shifted again, subtly, causing the blanket to fall just slightly, exposing more of his bare, sweat-licked skin, and the matted chest hair. “You saved my life,” Hannibal whispered. “Surely, you didn’t intend for me to suffer.”

“Initially, I wasn’t quite sure. But I made up my mind a few minutes ago when I smelled your Heat.”

Oh. “What do you intend to do with me?”

Will’s eyes darkened with something carnal and undeniable. “I intend to break you. Piece by piece.”

Hannibal’s lips parted, his body already surrendering to the fire coursing through his veins. He watched Will walk out of the room and return a short while later with a first aid kit.

“My surgical skills aren’t as refined as yours.” Will placed the kit on the nightstand and sat near Hannibal. “But I’d say I did a pretty good job in keeping you alive.”

“I would never judge your skills.” Hannibal took the glass of water and downed the suppressants with it, before replacing the glass on the nightstand.

Will scoffed. “Yeah, right.” Opening the kit, he produced some fresh bandages and disinfectant from it. “I thought my job was done when they took you into custody. Should’ve known you’re something of a slippery eel.”

“We’ve never had the privilege of meeting face to face.”

“Jack wanted my… skills. But he didn’t want me getting too close to the case.”

Will began unraveling the bandage around Hannibal’s abdomen. Hannibal let out a breath as the cool air hit the exposed sutures on his skin. Will did a pretty decent job at patching him up, even though it lacked finesse. When he began cleaning it, he was surprisingly gentle. The disinfectant-coated cotton glided along Hannibal’s wounded skin, and his body stiffened at the sting. Will saw that and paused, his gaze darting up to Hannibal’s face and staying there as he leaned down and blew cool air over the area he had just cleaned.

His breath caused Hannibal’s stomach to shudder, and Hannibal clenched the sheets in his fists.

“Don’t mistake my care for affection,” Will said, continuing to clean his wound. “This lasts only up to the moment you have fully recovered.”

Hannibal gasped softly. “Believe me, I hold no such presumptions.”

Will hummed softly, pressing a bunch of cotton over the sutures before wrapping a bandage over them, all around Hannibal’s waist. Once he was done dressing the wound, he took the medical kit away. Just as he reached the threshold of the room, his phone buzzed on the nightstand.

Hannibal saw the name flashing on the screen, and gave Will a half-smile. “Duty calls.”

Will wasn’t as amused by the phone call. He usually would answer Jack Crawford’s calls for the most part, because it was work. But the circumstances were different this time, and he knew why Jack was calling. He stared at the buzzing phone, knowing that any decision he made would have far-reaching consequences. He stood there, waiting for the call to stop, but even when it did, it was followed by another call. A clear sign of urgency. Whenever Jack called a second time, he expected it to be answered, unless Will wanted an earful the next time he faced the man. Will had essentially removed the lock from Pandora's box the second he chose to save Hannibal’s life, but whether or not he opened the box depended on what he would tell Jack: The truth or the lie. He wasn’t prepared to make a decision just yet.

His blue eyes met Hannibal’s, who stared back at him without flinching. Without fear or apprehension, almost like Hannibal knew what he might do. Will put the medical kit down and approached the phone, picking it up and answering it.

“Where the hell are you?” Jack’s voice was laced with urgency and anger.

“Where else would I be?” Will answered, keeping his tone neutral.

“You need to stay on guard. Hannibal Lecter has escaped the transport vehicle. He killed four armed officers, and then stole the vehicle. We don’t know where he’s headed, but he’s most likely injured.”

“Then he couldn’t have gotten far.”

“I need you here right now.”

Will gave a last glance at the older, injured Omega on his bed. He couldn’t make a decision, but that didn’t mean he couldn’t stall.

“I’ll be there.” He cut the call, then turned to Hannibal. “The attic or the basement. You can pick one should you need to hide. But I’ll try to keep Jack away from here. Only way I can do that is if I go there.” Will kept the phone down and leaned in towards Hannibal. “That doesn’t give you a ticket to escape. Don’t try to run. I’d find you anywhere, Omega.”

Hannibal’s eyes dropped to his lips. “I wouldn’t dream of it… Alpha.”

Will’s jaw twitched slightly, as though holding back the urge to take Hannibal right then and there. It took every bit of him to hold back. He pinched Hannibal’s chin, and purred.

“Good Omega.” He let go of Hannibal’s chin and moved to the wardrobe.

Hannibal watched Will pull his shirt off to reveal flexing back muscles, and push his pants down to reveal tight boxers. It didn't matter whether Will stripped in front of him on purpose, Hannibal had to make a conscious effort to not let his arousal show. He sucked in a breath, the outline of his erection showing through the sheets. Even when Will looked over his shoulder at him, Hannibal didn't bother tearing his gaze away. He stared until Will was dressed in a plaid shirt, and corduroy pants that didn't do justice to his sinewy frame.

Will put on a jacket and glasses, and the entire look made him seem so docile, it was hard to believe he was a Prime Alpha. Maybe he wanted it to be that way, not wanting to show off.

"Be good," he said, before leaving the room.

Leaving Hannibal to grapple with the maelstrom of emotions and sensations taking over him. He could simply leave if he wanted. It wasn't a question of 'could he?' More so… 'would he?' Yes, he was allured by the younger Alpha in more ways than one, but Hannibal Lecter always put one thing above all else:

Self-preservation.

Aren't You Feisty?

Chapter Notes

Hellooo.. Finally got to update. Omega Hannibal and Alpha Will lovers, come get your food! Might be a few errors here and there, I didn't get time to edit.

Also, I know the pic shown is from Mads' Zegna shoot, but it seriously inspired my older Omega Hannibal. Imagine Hanni looking like THAT :>

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III

Will's surveyed the macabre scene. His gaze swept over the bloody corpses of the four tactical officers, abandoned on the asphalt. Jack stood rigid, arms akimbo, his face a mask of barely contained fury. The tension radiating from him was a palpable challenge, a silent scream that someone would answer for this. Beverly, Jimmy, and Brian fidgeted, their worry and unease hanging heavy—Hannibal had escaped once more. Jack's glare shifted, his hard
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eyes locking onto Will, demanding answers. This time, Will had them, but he chose not to reveal them.

"I need to know where he could've gone," Jack snapped, his voice cracking with pressure. "I want a lead, Graham. Any lead."

Will exhaled slowly, a deliberate non-answer. "If he doesn't want to be found, we won't find him, Jack."

"You got close to him last time, you can do it again."

"I'm not a miracle worker."

"Well, you better find a way to make a fucking miracle, because I need him in BSHCI, you hear me?" Jack's words carried the weight of an order, but beneath it, was a desperate undercurrent.

Will huffed, a quiet sound lost in the stillness. His gaze returned to the bodies, his mind already racing. He pictured Hannibal's slender fingers dislocating his thumb to slip free from the cuffs, imagining the guard's shocked yelp as Hannibal struck him. The wounds told a story of calculated violence—a bullet to the head, a vicious attack on the guard who'd have been nearest. Hannibal would've waited, bided his time, until the moment was ripe to lunge at the two guards who'd have investigated the commotion in the back of the vehicle.

His eyes landed on the guard with his ear chewed off, and a small, involuntary smirk tugged at Will's lips. *Feisty.* The tire tracks leading off into the distance were the only clue, suggesting Hannibal had commandeered a vehicle and likely disappeared down some dirt road, seeking the anonymity of rural surroundings.

"He could've gone anywhere," Will finally said, his voice neutral. "Have you already put out an APB?"

"Yes," Jack replied, his tone tight with frustration. "We got the entire city on the lookout."

Will simply exhaled, and turned to leave. The lack of a more concrete promise or plan seemed to catch Jack off guard.

"Is that it?" he demanded, his voice rising.

"I don't know what you want me to do," Will said, not breaking stride. "It's gonna take a while to find him. I'm a profiler, not a Bloodhound. But I suggest you keep a lookout on pharmacies and medical centers. He's gonna need medical supplies for his wounds. So, that's a start."

Jack huffed, clearly unsatisfied, but relayed the information to his team regardless. Will climbed into his Subaru Forester and drove off, a subtle smile breaking through, betraying his thoughts. The thrill of Hannibal—this wild, nonconformist omega—captivated him. Feisty, deadly, and utterly unyielding. It was a challenge Will welcomed—one that would lead him to bring this omega to his knees. The decision to withhold information from Jack had been

impulsive, fueled by the thrill of the hunt, and perhaps a touch of rivalry. Now, as he navigated the familiar roads home, that choice hummed through him, a spark of anticipation. He intended to have a little chat with Hannibal. Assuming the Omega hadn't already vanished into thin air.

As he pulled up in front of the farmhouse, a car turned in behind him. Beverly climbed out, and Will's gut tightened. Impeccably worst timing. His mind raced, seeking a graceful way to deter her from entering his house.

"Can't put up a No trespassing sign around here," he said, attempting a casual tone.

"Ha ha," she replied dryly. "Just came to check on you."

"Aside from our usual brand of crazy?"

She offered a half-smile. "You were pretty close to the Ripper case."

Will had once been consumed by the Ripper case, the obsession seeping into his bones. Even without direct contact, Hannibal's presence had been palpable, his crimes keeping Will awake, his mind churning. The letters, the phone calls, the subtle taunts—they'd created a twisted bond, blurring the lines between hunter and prey. By the time The Ripper had been apprehended, Will had been entrenched in Hannibal's world, and extricating himself proved impossible.

But Beverly didn't need to know that.

"I'm fine," he said, forcing a shrug.

"Uh huh." She strode towards Will's house. "Tell you what, let's talk about it over a beer."

Alarm bells rang in his head. He couldn't let her discover Hannibal. He slammed his car door shut and walked briskly after her, trying to come up with a plausible excuse.

"I don't think it's the right time—"

"It's never the right time for you. But I'm the only one you let into your house without invitation." Beverly stepped inside.

Will followed, his senses on high alert. An unnerving silence blanketed the house. It broke when his dogs trotted up to him, tails wagging, and he forced a smile, scratching their ears. Beverly knelt to greet them, and Will's gaze darted around the room. He inhaled deeply, subtly, testing the air for a hint of Hannibal's scent, but there was nothing. Whether that was a blessing or a curse lingered in the air. He vaguely heard Beverly asking for a beer. He responded to her with a noncommittal hum, his eyes flitting to the stairs. Will moved on autopilot, retrieving two bottles from the fridge, popping the caps off with a practiced flick of his wrist. He returned to the living room, handing one to Beverly, who studied him with a knowing glint in her eye.

"You alright?" she asked, her tone softening. "You seem off."

"I'm—" Will cut off, taking a quick, surreptitious glance at the stairs, his heart thudding in his chest. "I'm just tired."

"No shit." She took a swig of her beer. "Look, Will, I can talk to Jack. You don't have to be a part of this."

Will laughed, the sound hollow. "As if that would somehow eliminate the possibility of this case finding its way back to me."

Beverly sighed, setting her bottle down. "I'm trying to help."

"I appreciate that, Bev, but I don't need it."

She shook her head, a small smirk playing on her lips. "There's that Prime Alpha tone."

Will always found their banter endearing, even if they didn't always agree. For a Beta, Beverly had an Alpha's spirit and he admired that. It stirred his protective instincts, even though she was perfectly capable of handling herself.

"There are very few shits I give, and I gotta stay that detached if I want to get through the constant judgment in the department."

"Not everyone hates you," Beverly replied gently. "I don't."

"Which is why I enjoy your company."

Beverly raised an eyebrow, hand on her heart in mock surprise. "Well, that is a revelation I didn't think I'd hear."

They clinked bottles in a silent toast and drank. Will managed to convincingly reassure her that he was simply exhausted, not brooding over the case. It wasn't easy. Beverly was one of the few people who understood Will in and out, and who sensed when there was something wrong. For the most part, that was the mark of a good friend. But sometimes, it could prove a bit of an issue if she continued to dig deep into things.

"Promise me," she said. "If things get too much, you will back out."

Will gave an understanding nod. "Okay."

He walked her out after a while, watching as her car disappeared down the road, before turning back to his house. As the door closed behind him, his mask fell away, and his gaze scoured the familiar space yet again, his senses heightened. He moved silently through the house until he reached the bedroom. It was empty, aside from an empty glass on the nightstand and the missing bottle of suppressants.

So, Hannibal escaped. *Of course he did.*

"I'll find you," he whispered, a promise to himself.

As he turned, his gaze landed on Hannibal and he stilled. The Omega had every opportunity to run. Vanish.

“Attic or basement, you said,” Hannibal spoke. “The attic was … rather charming. I appreciate the effort you put in cleaning it.”

Will eyed him head to toe. “Why are you still here?”

“Because I find you interesting.”

Hannibal walked to the nightstand and replaced the missing bottle of suppressants. And along with it... a bottle of scent blockers. Will licked his bottom lip when he realized why he failed to detect Hannibal's scent before. He was impressed, and a part of him—no matter how miniscule—was oddly glad Hannibal didn’t choose to escape. Hannibal saying he found him interesting sparked Will's baser, primal instincts. He was drawn to the unpredictable, the untamed, and Hannibal took the cake. Will had seen feisty Omegas before, but none of them held a candle to the one standing before him.

Hannibal stopped before him, a hint of a wicked smile playing on his lips. "It wouldn't take me a moment to escape. But I realized…" He paused, letting the tension build. "Where's the fun in that?"

He was asking for it.

Badly.

In a swift, powerful move, Will seized Hannibal by the collar, and hooked his leg around Hannibal's, yanking him off balance, and slamming him onto the bed. The force left no room for gentleness, eliciting a low gasp from Hannibal. Will brought their lips crashing together in a brutal kiss, tongues sliding over each other. They nipped at each other's lips, drawing a trickle of blood. Will's erection surged, straining against his zipper. He didn't bother with finesse or restraint when he tore at Hannibal's clothes, baring his skin and the bandages beneath. Hannibal clawed at Will's shirt with the same feverish urgency, ripping it open, his fingers scrabbling at Will's belt. In between ragged breaths and desperate moans, Will rid the Omega of his pants, freeing his rigid cock. His eyes feasted on the sight of precum glistening on Hannibal's erection.

"Aren't you a sight for sore eyes," he growled, his voice low and rough.

"I keep moisturized," Hannibal retorted, his voice shaky. "I have an… extensive skincare regime."

"Shut up."

Will's teeth grazed the sensitive skin of Hannibal's throat, biting and licking and sucking. His hands roamed over the Omega's body, feeling his flesh, squeezing, and stroking. Hannibal groaned, arching into the touch, as Will's mouth trailed lower, teasing his nipples. Will's knot throbbed and leaked as he fumbled with his belt, hurriedly shedding his pants. Hannibal's

eyes were glazed with lust, watching the Alpha expose himself and his rock-hard length, his body writhing with anticipation. Waiting.

"On your knees," Will commanded, his voice firm but not unkind.

Hannibal scrambled to comply. Will nosed his neck, growling low, as he nibbled on Hannibal's earlobe.

"Good boy," he praised, his breath a hot whisper. He ran his thumb across Hannibal's wet lips, the pad tracing his cupid's bow. Hannibal sucked his finger, and Will let out a pleasured sigh, watching him intently. "Open wide."

Hannibal obeyed, parting his lips, and Will slipped his throbbing knot inside. Hannibal began to suck and lick, bobbing his head slowly. The lewd sounds he made, the sight of his lips stretched around Will's girth, had Will's eyes rolling back.

"Fuck," he groaned, his hips twitching.

Hannibal looked up at him, his expression one of blissful surrender. He sucked Will's knot hungrily, his tongue swirling, lapping up the precome that leaked from the tip. Will fisted Hannibal's silver locks, holding him in place, as he thrust shallowly into his mouth. The Omega gagged a bit, but didn't pull away, instead taking Will deeper. The sounds of their labored breathing, the wet suction, echoed through the room. Will's release coiled at the base of his spine, his balls drawing up.

"I'm gonna come," he warned, his voice rough.

Hannibal moaned, the sound vibrating around Will's knot, and sucked him deeper. Will's hips moved erratically, his control fraying, as he climaxed, spilling down Hannibal's throat. The Omega swallowed convulsively, taking him, as Will pulsed, painting his tongue and the back of his throat with his cum. A few stray spurts landed on Hannibal's lips, and Will leaned down, licking them clean, before claiming his mouth in a messy, dominant kiss. He cupped Hannibal's face, tilting him, deepening the kiss.

Hannibal came at the same time, spilling over the sheets. Will pulled back, gasping, and grabbed a fistful of Hannibal's hair, forcing his head to the side. His mouth latched onto Hannibal’s neck, sucking hard, marking him with his scent.

"I am impressed, Pup," Will whispered, his breath hot against Hannibal's skin.

“I aim to please,” Hannibal whispered back.

“Don’t worry, I intend to keep you. Just… try not to think about running. It might get complicated.”

Hannibal looked up at him, breaths heaving. Having Will own him was a potent rush of adrenaline, and it left goosebumps on his skin. Will tucked his knot back into his boxers, zipping up his trousers, while Hannibal sat debauched on the bed. An amalgamation of lust, admiration and exhilaration sparkled in Hannibal’s amber irises. An Alpha who knew how to

take control and an Omega who refused to be under anyone's control. The power dynamic excited them both, more so Hannibal, who craved the danger that came along with this… whatever this thing was between them.

Time would tell where this would take them.

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